

MR. BARNES, AMERICAN

Continued from Page 5.

flies up the gangplank. After asking directions of the first officer, he steps to Barnes and hands him a blue envelope.

"A wire from somebody who knew I was on this boat," thinks the American, and hastily tearing it open, reads: "Burton H. Barnes, Steamer Constantine arriving Marseilles-Ajaccio, May 26, 1888.—Evant double quick! The devil is behind you. Look out for Sallotti. Details by letter. De B."

From instinct Mr. Barnes touches his hip pocket just to see if his revolver is there. Then he paces the deck meditatively for a moment, cogitating: "Something must be happening in Corsica for that old Algerine campaigner De Bulow to send such a dispatch. Best the ladies don't see this," and tears the message up, tossing the pieces overboard.

As he does so Miss Anstruther is beside him, a fluffy white parasol over her head. "Blue pieces of paper," she says lightly. "A telegram, Burton. You have secured our places on the Paris train. You think of everything."

"Yes," lies her fiancé. "After a moment he remarks: 'By the by, Enid, this young Sallotti you spoke of, did he mention England in his Smollett speech?'"

"Why, how you ask me. I think he did. Dancilia refused to translate, explaining that it was a Smollett-Flelding speech. You know the kind that—that—" The young English girl's

unfortunate Maud from growing into young ladyhood and absolutely denies her birthright till she, Lady Charris, has captured another husband.

Already Enid and Marina are on the back seat. Anstruther steps in; Barnes likewise.

"Room for one more!" cries Maud, who springs in and kisses both of the young ladies effusively.

"Now," she says, naively, "I'll sit on Edwin's lap. He's my cousin, Mr. Barnes, and I'm a child—so it won't make Marina jealous. Now I'm comfortable!" the babblers: "How did the



Marina.

Corsican wedding go off? Looks as if it was a success by the bride's face. The only one who's glum here is 'Burton darling.' Enid's a little offish, is she? Not that old La Belle-Blackwood-borrow-it-from-Barnes affair?"

Miss Anstruther's eyes began to gleam at the mention of the only serious fault she ever has had against her fiancé.

"That's a mistake!" rattles on the semi-innocent Maud. "Ma says when you get a man, make him and reform him. Wait till I get into long dresses, see me nail 'em and reform 'em, eh, 'Burton, darling?'"

"I thought your mother was going to put you at a strict school in London," says Barnes, savagely.

"Well, she was, but Von Bulow is in Nice and ma's made up her mind it's her last chance and is going there. Gee, if I don't desert, I'm married soon I'll be in socks again and dresses up to my waist."

"No birthdays in hailing distance, yet?" laughs Anstruther.

"Does this look like it?" Miss Charris makes an abortive attempt to lengthen her short skirts. "Bet ma keeps me 11 till she gets that German."

Already the carriage having rolled up the Boulevard des Dames and passed the arc de Triomphe has turned into the rue Bernard du Bois, making for the big railway station, out of which nearly all trains leave Marseilles not only for Paris, but everywhere else.

"All right, you give my compliments to your mother, Maud," remarks the sailor, trying to cut off Maud's effusions. "Tell her to write me at my London address and I'll hoist her plumper at the yard-arm."

By this time they are at the great station. Miss Charris skips out and the rest follow her from the carriage. Trains are ready to leave for the four quarters of the globe; the platforms are filled with hurrying passengers. Some gaily dressed ladies are being hurried to the rapide that has just rushed in from Paris and is about to depart for the Riviera, though the season is nearly ended. A couple of little Scotch boys in kilts and glengarries are being dragged by their nurse towards this. One of them makes Maud very angry by crying: "Let me play with that brave lassie with those red legs."

It is hard to believe a mediaeval vendetta can be inserted on such a scene. Barnes, glancing at his watch, finds he has ten minutes before the train departs; he says cheerfully but hurriedly: "Look out for the ladies, Edwin; I'll find Tompkins and the rest of the baggage," and goes off to get the tickets and make the necessary arrangements.

But "look out for the ladies," is more easily said than done.

The crowd is quite large, the station great in extent. Trains are departing for everywhere.

Three jabbering porters have seized their hand baggage and are carrying it in sections toward different trains that will scatter the pieces to the west and the Pyrenees, to the east and Italy.

Edwin pursues these; then Enid gives a gasp. Another porter, calling: "Aries, Tarascon and Avignon!" has pounced upon her special handbag and is rushing away with it. Miss Anstruther flies after him, leaving Maud and Marina together.

Five minutes later, Barnes returns to find Edwin supporting Marina, whose face is very pale, and whose eyes are securely conscious. Were it not for the stout arm about her, she would fall to the platform of the great station, under the feet of the hurrying throng.

Miss Charris is gazing meditatively at her, chewing the blue-enameled knob of her parasol and furtively tucking something in her glove.

"What the deuce has happened to her?" asks the American.

"She is too ill to speak," answers the young husband, astounded. "What am I to do? We cannot take her on the train in this shape. She is absolutely unfit to travel. She has nearly fainted again." For Marina's eyes, seeing Edwin, closed again in apparent despair.

"What produced it?" demanded Barnes. "She was the picture of health when I left her."

Here Enid runs up with her repleved hand-satchel.

"Do you know how this occurred?" asks Edwin, eagerly.

"Something such as you do," replies Miss Anstruther. "Maud, how did this happen?" She turns suspicious eyes upon Miss Charris, who cries nervously: "What are you jumping on me for? was only keeping Marina's handbag and umbrella, and Edwin's shoes and rug, and I looked round and she'd got it in the neck!"

"Not a dagger?" shudders Enid. But a hasty inspection of Marina's white throat reveals no dagger. Here Enid cries: "Maud, how dare you use such ambiguous Americanisms! What has she got?"

"How do I know?" points Maud, aggressively. "She was too strongy to speak. If it hadn't been for Edwin grabbing her, she'd have confluxioned upon the floor. Perhaps her stays are too tight, like yours."

Barnes' fiancée doesn't reply to this atrocious slander upon her exquisite waist, but plies smelling salts at the nostrils of the bride whom Edwin is supporting.

"It can't be paralysis!" shudders the groom, trying in vain to revive Marina.

"Not a bit," answers Barnes, after hasty examination.

"Do you think we dare put her on the train?" queries Edwin, anxiously.

"As a friend, I would say we must get her away, but—The American pauses.

"Mercy! You have some news from Ajaccio?" Enid breaks in, trembling.

"No more news, only it is wise to be moving on. But," Burton feels the fluttering pulse of the bride, "but as a doctor, my opinion is she must remain here for a few hours at least. I'll get a carriage. Here, Tompkins," he says to the maid who had followed him from the crowd in the depot, "help your mistress with the grips!"

The two gentlemen support Marina outside the station, and Maud following, says: "Take her to the Grand, our hotel. Ma's got lovely rooms there."

"Yes, it's only a short distance," remarks Barnes, "and we can make your wife comfortable at once."

The whole party soon reach the Grand hotel on the Rue Noailles. Here they are received with mixed exclamations of surprise and delight and then concern by Lady Charris. "It was well, you say, only a few minutes ago and fainted at the railroad station. What produced it?" cries the English matron, after the young Corsican lady has been taken to a bedroom and a well-recommended physician sent for, Enid staying by the patient until his arrival.

Mr. Barnes doesn't deem it wise to go into details with Lady Charris.

"You had better descend and make yourself comfortable in the cafe, Edwin," he suggests. "Young husbands are too nervous when their wives are sick."

Taking Anstruther down with him he whispers: "Besides, did you notice whenever she looked at you she swooned again. Best keep away until you learn the true reason of this sudden attack."

"Do you think it is heart disease?" asked Edwin, distractedly.

"Not the kind you mean," I can tell you that your bride is as normal as healthy as any woman in the world," answers the American. "It was some shock to the brain or nervous system. I think. The question is, what was it?"

"Can it have been anything connected with that horrible island?" queries Edwin, anxiously.

"That I'm now about to attempt to discover," observes Burton, sitting down.

Meditating as to what the blow is, Barnes leaves the young English officer and comes upstairs, to interview the only witness he thinks available—the adolescent Maud. As he reaches Lady Charris' parlor, that lady's door is slightly open, and words issue from that make him pause outside the entrance.

"Now, Maud," says Lady Charris sternly, "what caused Mrs. Anstruther to faint?"

"Ma, I don't do it! Sure, I didn't!" falters the girl.

"The truth, or I shall take you to my bedroom. You know what will happen to you there, if you don't tell me everything." The voice of the mother suggests awful possibilities.

"Yes, ma, I will; I'll tell you every blessed thing—don't ock at me that way. Why, I was just walking round with Marina and I left her for a minute and a gentleman, French and Italian mixed, said: 'You are with Madame Anstruther.' He stumbled over the name, and I answered proudly: 'Marina's loved awfully fondly.'"

"You bet, she's my cousin by marriage." Then he said: 'Give her this, with my regards,' and handed me a note. Well, I gave it to Marina and that finished her."

"Finished her?"

"Yes, she kind of read it in two pieces. First she drew up and looked like—like you when you think you've caught me in something awful—strong, savage and horrible. And when she read the second part, then she looked like I look when I'm going to catch it."

"And then?" Lady Charris' voice is intense with excited curiosity.

"Well, then, Edwin came up and caught her just as she was going to fall on the floor of the railroad station, and they brought her here."

"Is that everything?"

"You bet! Ain't it enough? How should I know anything more?"

"Oh!" exclaims Lady Charris, in extreme disappointment. A moment after she adds, suavely: "You will have no lessons today, Maud. You are wild and off; but set up a stifled howl as her mother continues: 'You can spend the day in bed.'"

"For what?" Handling Marina a paper that anybody would give her?"

"For running away from your new governess on the Quai Joliette. Miss Marston reported it. To bed at once!"

The face of the eavesdropping Barnes becomes gloomy. Here is a witness whose evidence he wants and isn't going to get. He promptly enters Lady Charris' parlor and says: "Hi, Maudie, run downstairs and I'll follow you and we'll buy some marmos glaces together."

Maud is half-way down the first flight before the last of Barnes' sentence is out of his mouth.

"How dare you send my child away when I had ordered her to bed?" remarks her mother, angrily.

"Bed? Oh, Maud is too young to be sent to bed."

"You think she is too young?" Lady Charris' tone is appeased.

"Why, certainly, Von Bulow said the same. A child of her tender age—is it 9 or 10?—imagine—ghosts and goblins!"

"So Von Bulow said that! Yes, Maud is very young, but don't give her too many bonbons," remarks the widow, her face modified, as Barnes steps down the stairs.

Two minutes after, Miss Charris, eating bonbons in the seclusion of a magnificent confectioner's shop on the Cours Belzunce, remarks, suspiciously: "What are you doing all this for, Mr. Barnes of New York?"

"I've got a little information to get from Maud," says the American.

"What kind of a looking man was he who gave you the communication for Mrs. Anstruther?"

"Oh, well, he— Suddenly the girl's blue eyes grow big with astonishment, she gulps, a marmos going down her throat whole: "How did you guess?"

"You know everything, you do, Mr. Barnes of New York. But I'll tell you a little, you've been so nice about the glaces. He was an Italian or foreigner or something of that kind with the manners of a waiter or a gentleman. He had a long, thin scar over his left eyebrow. I noticed that because his sleeve buttons had the same crest as Musso Dancilia's—by the by, how's dear Musso?"

"The deuce! Do you think Marina knew him?" The American's voice is hoarse with concern.

"How can I tell? Bridie didn't see him. I simply gave her the note. It knocked her stupid, and she almost fainted."

Then Maud's eyes opened bigger than ever, for Mr. Barnes says sternly: "Give me that note!"

"What makes you think I've got it?" Maud mutters, aghast, that because his

"Give me the note you picked up from the floor of the depot when it fell

from Marina's fainting hand, and tucked in that left glove of yours."

"Not unless you buy 'em for two boxes of marmos glaces!" asserts the infant, commercially.

"Done!" says the American, sharply.

Miss Charris unbuckles her left glove and carefully extracts from it and passes him three pieces of paper.

"Now pay up!" she exclaims.

But after matching the three fragments of a letter and glancing hastily over them the face of the gentleman in front of her has grown so distressed and horrified that the candy she is eating slips from Maud's fingers and falls upon the floor of the shop.

(To be continued.)

SUMMERS FOR HYLAND

Denver Fight Promoter Trying to Get This Pair Together.

Denver, June 22.—Tom McDonald, the well known local sporting promoter, is making plans which may result in an international boxing contest on the 3d of July. He is figuring on match Dick Hyland, the "Piseco" lightweight, with Johnny Summers, the English lightweight, who has made a splendid showing of late in Philadelphia, where, in his first battle on this side of the big pond, he knocked down Tommy Murphy a half-dozen times in a six round bout.

The plan is to erect a tent with a seating capacity of 7,500 on the outskirts of the city, where it can be reached in a four-minute ride from the loop on the West Twenty-ninth avenue car. The bout is to be twenty rounds, and the main event will be preceded by a classy preliminary and a battle between a half-dozen husky colored boys. Hyland is now in Denver, and McDonald is in communication with Summers' manager, and has practically been given assurance that the Englishman will take on Hyland.

TEX RICKARD MAKES OFFER

Would Like Squires-Schreck Match for Ely, Nev., on Labor Day.

Chicago, June 22.—Billy Hogan, Mike Schreck's manager, is up in the air regarding a match between Mike and Squires, should the latter defeat Tommy Burns on Independence day. He received a dispatch from Jimmy Coffroth early in the week informing him that Coffroth had secured Squires' fight services for a fight about Aug. 10.

Two days later Barney Reynolds, Squires' business agent, wired that he had not signed articles for a fight with Schreck as yet. Tex Rickard had offered him better inducements on Labor day at Ely or Goldfield, provided Squires beats Burns.

Today Rickard informed Hogan that he would hang up \$20,000 for the fight, but as Reynolds will not tie his man down to a match until after he fights Burns, Hogan will be compelled to stand around and look wise.

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11:00 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
12:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
1:00 p. m.	8:30 p. m.
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